

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

REMEMBER THIS— P.O. WALTER SMITH

"She sails fine in our tin tub," says John



It was the last day of your John, enjoying himself with a leave at your home in bath of water and the boat you Beaconsfield Street, Blyth, Northumberland. You had just finished packing, in fact you were still in civvies, when you peered round the back door and saw your two-year-old son, in new clothes.

STRAIGHT FROM THE DOLPHIN'S MOUTH

FROM a recent patrol report of H.M. Submarine "Thrasher"—the famous double V.C. submarine—which is hunting the Hun again after a long rest:

"Our daily paper, 'Good Morning,' was much appreciated."

And there's this from a patrol report of H.M. Submarine "Upstart":

"The submarine newspaper 'Good Morning' was very popular in all messes, and it is considered that this was in no small way due to the numerous and pleasing pictures of Miss Janet Blair."

Lieutenant B. J. B. Andrew, D.S.C., R.N., will be having something of a busman's holiday. Back with his submarine, "Unbroken," after many months in the Mediterranean, he will go home—to a ship.

He is an old "Conway" boy, and he got on very well in the famous training ship; so well, in fact, that he wooed and wed the Commanding Officer's daughter. And so his home address is "c/o H.M.S. 'Conway'."

The R.A.F. boys in Malta have a name for him, by the way. It's "Pranger Andrew."

The boys of the P.42 have their own battle-song, which they sing to the tune of "To the Shores of Tripoli." The first

verse and chorus go something like this:—

From the shores of Marittimo,
To Capri and Naples Bay,
From Genoa and Messina,
And down Brindisi way,
There's a little submarine that's known
As "The Fighting 42."

And the Wops just hate to be alone
With that "Fighting 42."

Chorus (somewhat modified):

Oh, we're "The Fighting 42,"
And we don't give a damn for you!
For our aim is very true.
And we're all a happy family in—
"The Fighting 42."

There are other verses—but there is also a Censor.

This is true.

There was once a young Number One in a submarine, as husky and bearded as they make 'em. And in F.O.S.'s good time that submarine came back from the Med.

And was that bearded husky pleased? Not a bit of it. He was scared.

Depth charges had not worried him, but he was scared of going home.

"You see," he explained, "some damn fool's gone and told my mother that I'm in submarines. I've always let her think I'm in destroyers. She'll KILL me when I get home!" "D.A."

In this Unsolved Crime Stuart Martin asks HIS MOTHER DEAD—WHO FIRED THE SHOT?

A SHOT was fired in a room in Edinburgh on March 17, 1926, and Mrs. Bertha Merrett died because of it. There were only two persons in the room—Mrs. Merrett and her son. Who fired the shot?

There you have the problem that caused more than a stir in the public mind, and in legal circles, and nobody to this day has said definitely who was the guilty party.

Mrs. Merrett lived at 31 Buckingham Terrace. She sat down that morning at her bureau in the sitting-room to write to a friend. Her son, John Donald Merrett, was sitting by the fire, apparently studying. He was a student at the university. The maid was lighting a fire in the kitchen.

Mrs. Merrett's income was £700 a year. Her bank manager had recently notified her that her account was overdrawn. As she sat writing a shot rang out and Mrs. Merrett collapsed. John rushed out to tell the maid that his mother had shot herself. Mrs. Merrett was hurried to hospital.

She lingered for a fortnight, but before she died she regained consciousness for a short time and asked Nurse Grant what had happened. Nurse Grant parried the question by saying that perhaps Mrs. Merrett herself could remember.

WAS THERE A PISTOL?
Mrs. Merrett whispered: "I was sitting writing when suddenly there was a bang in my head like a pistol."

"Was there a pistol?" asked Nurse Grant.

"No! Was there?" exclaimed Mrs. Merrett. "My son was standing beside me. I told him to go away and not annoy me, and the next I heard was a kind of explosion. I do not remember any more."

John Donald was questioned. He said he went and stood beside his mother, and that she had told him to go away and not annoy her.

He walked over to a corner of the room, and on the way heard a shot and saw his mother fall from her chair with a pistol in her hand.

In dealing with crime in Scotland one has to observe that the law there is quite different in many respects to the English law. Neither of these statements was taken on oath. Mrs. Merrett's statement was not accepted as a "dying deposition" and could not be admitted as proved evidence.

The fact is that the police investigations were very perfunctory. Everybody accepted

the theory that Mrs. Merrett had committed suicide. She died and was buried—in a suicide's grave presumably.

It was not until nearly nine months after her death that the Procurator Fiscal (the public prosecutor in Scotland) of Midlothian "presented a petition" setting forth that John Donald Merrett "had deliberately murdered his mother."

In the charge was an addition that he had "uttered as genuine" 29 cheques upon her bank account, every one of which bore her forged signature.

The trial was a battle of wits between eminent lawyers. Mr. Craigie Aitchison defended the accused. Mr. Aitchison put the Crown witnesses into the witness-box for the defence, figuratively speaking.

When Mr. Gurrin, the handwriting expert, declared he had no doubt at all that the 29 cheques bore forged signatures, Mr. Aitchison at once recalled the Adolf Beck case and read from Professor Glaister's book, "Medical Jurisprudence," the following extract:—

"A handwriting expert, employed by the Treasury, to examine certain documents found in Beck's possession, swore that he was perfectly satisfied that they were all in the self-same handwriting."

"The jury convicted," said Mr. Aitchison impressively, "and Beck was sent to penal servitude, and then he received a free pardon for a crime he never committed. Perfectly satisfied! Members of the jury, I find it difficult in this case to get out of my mind this fact—that the name of the handwriting expert who led to the conviction of Adolf Beck was GURRIN, not the present Mr. Gurrin."

Mr. Aitchison made capital out of the other Crown experts. Professor Harvey Littlejohn, who had made the post-mortem on Mrs. Merrett had certified "upon soul and conscience" that death was due to meningitis caused by a bullet wound and that the case was "consistent with suicide."

That report was dated April, 1926. Yet nine months later,



on January 13th, 1927, the professor signed a second report in which he said that after inquiries and experiments, suicide was "in the highest degree improbable," and that "everything points to the weapon having been fired by another party."

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, who appeared for the defence, repudiated the professor's conclusions.

To one witness, Mrs. Penn, aunt of the accused student, Mr. Aitchison was accused of undue severity. He dragged from her the admission that, if young Merrett was hanged, her own son would be heir to the dead woman's estate. Even the judge remarked that in this cross-examination Mr. Aitchison had been "less than just."

There were, apparently, no scientific examinations of the revolver for fingerprints; but the case against the prisoner was based on circumstantial evidence. And it looked black indeed—until Aitchison began to defend ruthlessly.

He made an emotional appeal to finish up.

"Do not forget that he is without the guidance of a father who should have been his guardian and his mentor as he was passing from boyhood to manhood."

So much for the clever defence. But what were the facts John Donald Merrett was not regarding this youth of 17 years? It was admitted that he had had trouble with his mother. He was allowed ten shillings weekly pocket-money, tangled case.

yet she never thought it odd that he could purchase a motor bicycle, a racing motor cycle, two jade and opal rings for a lady friend, and an automatic pistol with 50 rounds of ammunition.

He had been sent to a school in England, but was brought back for some misdemeanour so that he could be under his mother's eye. He wilfully deceived her by pretending to study during January and part of February, when he was never near college.

At night he used to lock his bedroom door to pretend he was asleep, and slip out by a window to visit the Dunedin Palais de Danse in Picardy Place, where he had a lady friend. He booked dances at 15 shillings in the afternoon and 30 shillings at night.

The defence of Mr. Aitchison had its effect on the jury. After an absence of fifty-five minutes they returned a verdict on the capital charge of Not Proven, and a verdict of Guilty on the cheque charge. Five of the jury had voted for Guilty on the murder charge; ten for Not Proven.

John Donald Merrett was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

Who, then, fired the fatal shot? The jury's verdict meant just what it said. If John Donald Merrett was not guilty, then his mother committed suicide. I have given you the facts. Now you give your verdict of this strange, shillings weekly pocket-money, tangled case.

And a little Home TOWN NEWS

YOU CAN'T GATE-CRASH HIM.

FOR sixty years now, Joe Wells has been gatekeeper at Richmond Park, London's only place where deer can be seen.

And he's just celebrated his diamond wedding.

Joe, who comes from Bucks, told us how it happened. "My wife opened the gates for me," he said, "when I brought the venison up in my horse and cart to Buckingham Palace for Queen Victoria—just fourteen years before Her Majesty celebrated her Diamond Jubilee."

It was Joe's first day at work. In a month he was married.

At 82 he says: "It was the best day's work of my life when I met her."

GOOD NEWS FOR ARCHAEOLOGISTS.

IF you're a spare-time archaeologist and have an interest in the ruins that Cromwell

knocked about a bit, here's good news from the North.

The remains of Hadrian's Roman Wall, that stretches from Wallsend-on-Tyne to Bowness on the Solway Firth, is to be preserved from further destruction. It had been complained that quarrying near the Wall had led to the Wall's collapse in several places.

The Wall was built by the Emperor Hadrian in the year A.D. 122 in order to keep out the Picts. But, like many another "impregnable defence" of these days, it wasn't good enough.

FILL 'EM UP!

OVERHEARD in a London pub. the other night:—

"Pint of mild, guv."

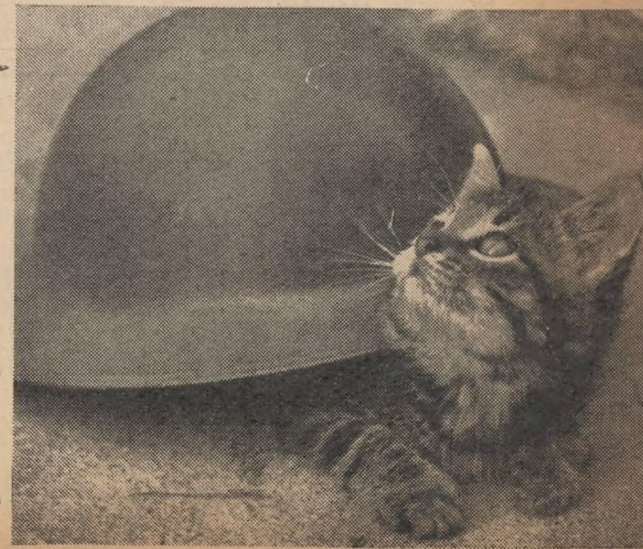
The pint was delivered and viewed with disapproval by the customer, who said:—

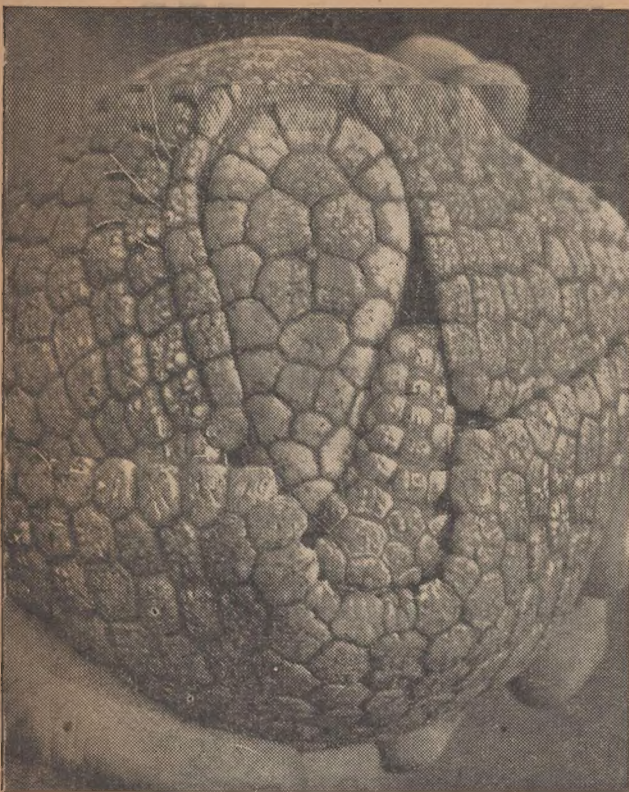
"Can you put a double gin in it, guv'?"

"Certainly, sir," said the publican.

"Then fill it up with beer, will yer!"

OKAY, THEY'RE OURS!





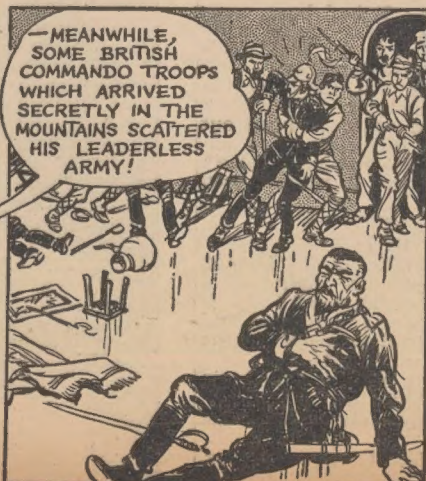
TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ

This strange-looking affair might be—Sun-baked Earth, Broken Golf Ball, Ant's Nest, Armadillo. Look closely and decide. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 153: Grasshopper.

QUIZ for today

1. A caribou is an American reindeer, a Hottentot chief, a French pastry, a part of a bagpipe, a Chinese cart?
2. Who wrote (a) "Alice in Wonderland," (b) "Alice-sit-by-the-fire"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, Warwickshire, Rutland, Worcestershire?
4. One of these words occurs in the Bible once only. Which is it: Prophet, Holy, Angels, Reverend, Governor, Rulers?
5. Who said, "Enough to make a dog laugh"?
6. The International Code of Signals was compiled by a novelist. Who was he?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Impale, Feign, Feint, Ancus, Acne, Insuler, Houyhnhnm?
8. How many sides has a nonagon?
9. Who was Peter Bell?
10. Correct the following quotation: "Fair daffodils we weep to see you fade away so soon." Who wrote it?
11. The Union Jack Club was opened in 1877, 1897, 1907, 1917?
12. What is a native of the Savoy called?

JANE



THEY CARRIED BLACK DYNAMITE

By Prosper Merinee

There's a nigger at the helm

THAT day Captain Ledoux seemed in the best of tempers. Contrary to his usual habits, he pardoned a cabin boy who had incurred a flogging. He congratulated the officer of the watch on his seamanship, told the crew he was pleased with their work, and promised to give them all a gratuity at Martinique, which they would reach very soon.

All the sailors at once began to amuse themselves by making plans as to how they would use the gratuity. Their thoughts were of brandy and of the smart women of Martinique, when Tamango and his fellow-conspirators were brought up on deck.

They had been careful to file their handcuffs in such a way that nothing was noticeable, but at the same time so that they could break them open easily. Furthermore, they rattled their chains so much that morning that they seemed to be twice as heavily laden as usual.

When they had had time to drink in the air, they all joined hands and began to dance, whilst Tamango intoned his tribal song, which he always used before going to battle.

After they had danced for some time, Tamango, as if tired out, stretched himself at full length near a sailor who was leaning back at his ease against the ship's bulwarks; all the others followed his example, so that every one of the guards was singled out by the several negroes.

As soon as he had managed to remove his handcuffs quietly, Tamango gave a tremendous shout, which was the signal, seized the sailor near him violently by the legs, threw him head over heels, and, planting his foot on his stomach, wrenched the gun away from him, and shot the officer of the watch. Simultaneously every other sailor on deck was seized, disarmed, and forthwith strangled.

The fate of the white men was already sealed; a few sailors made a show of resistance on the quarter-deck, but they lacked weapons and resolution. Ledoux, however, was still alive, and had not lost any of his courage.

Seeing that Tamango was the soul of the revolt, he hoped that if he could kill him, short work might be made of his accomplices. So he sprang forward, sword in hand, calling to him at the top of his voice. Tamango lost no time in rushing to the encounter.

The two commanders met in one of the gangways—one of those narrow passages leading aft from the quarter-deck. Tamango, holding his gun by the barrel and using it as a club, was the first to strike. The white man dexterously avoided the blow; the butt end of the musket, falling violently on the planks, was smashed, and the weapon was dashed out of

Tamango's hand. He stood defenceless, and Ledoux advanced with a diabolical grin.

But before he had time to make use of his sword, Tamango, as agile as the panthers of his native country, sprang into his adversary's arms and seized the hand which held the sword. The one strained to hold the sword, the other to wrench it from him. During this desperate struggle both stumbled, but the black man fell undermost.

Without a moment's hesitation Tamango hugged his adversary with all his strength, and bit his back with such vehemence that the blood spurted out as it does under the teeth of a lion. The sword slipped from the weakened hand of the captain. Tamango seized it, sprang up, and, his mouth streaming with blood, yelled his triumph as he stabbed his dying enemy through and through.

The victory was complete. The few remaining sailors entreated the negroes to have pity on them, but all, even the interpreter, who had never done them any harm, were mercilessly massacred.

The lieutenant fell fighting heroically. He had withdrawn aft, behind one of those small cannons which turn on a pivot, and are loaded with grape-shot. With his left hand he worked the gun, and with his right he used the sword so dexterously that he attracted a crowd of negroes round him. Then he fired the gun into their midst and raved a way with dead and dying. The next moment he was torn to pieces.

When the body of the last white man had been hacked to

pieces and thrown overboard, the negroes began to feel that their thirst for vengeance was satiated, and they gazed up at the ship's sails, which were swollen by the fresh breeze, and seemed still to obey their oppressors and to carry the conquerors, in spite of their triumph, to the land of slavery.

"All our labour is lost!" they murmured in their despair. "Will the great fetish of the white man lead us back to our homes now that we have shed the blood of so many of his worshippers?"

Someone suggested that Tamango might be able to make the fetish obey. So they all began to shout for Tamango.

He was in no hurry to hear them. They found him standing in the forecabin, one hand resting on the captain's bloody sword, the other stretched out to his wife Ayché, who was on her knees kissing it. But the joy of victory could not obliterate a strange look of anxiety which was visible in every line of his face. Less fatuous than the rest, he was better able to understand the difficulties of the situation.

At last he came upon the deck, affecting a serenity he did not feel. Urged by a hundred confused voices to change the course of the vessel, he stalked slowly towards the helm, as if to postpone for a while the moment which would determine both for himself and for the others the extent of his power.

Not even the dullest negro on board had failed to notice the influence exercised on the movements of the ship by a certain wheel and the box fixed in front of it; but the whole mechanism was a profound mystery to them.

Tamango examined the compass for some time, moving his lips as if he were reading the characters which were printed on it; then he put his hand to his head and assumed the pensive look of a man doing mental arithmetic.

All the negroes stood round him, their mouths wide open, their eyes one stare, anxiously

taking note of his slightest movement. At length, with that mixture of fear and confidence which ignorance inspires, he gave the guiding wheel a tremendous turn.

But there came a sudden gust of wind, and, with a deafening crash, the two masts fell, snapped a few feet above the deck, which was strewn with wreckage and covered with a tangled network of ropes. The terrified negroes fled below the hatchway, howling with fear, but as there was nothing left to catch the breeze the vessel remained steady and merely rocked to and fro on the billows.

Presently the more daring among them came up again and began clearing away the wreckage which encumbered the deck. Tamango remained motionless, leaning on the binnacle, his face buried in his folded arms. Ayché, who was beside him, did not dare to speak.

One by one the negroes approached him; they began to murmur, and soon a torrent of insults and abuse was let loose upon him.

"Traitor! Impostor!" they cried. "You are the cause of all our ills; you sold us to the white men, you persuaded us to rebel, you boasted your wisdom, you promised to take us back to our homes. We trusted you, fools that we were! And now we have narrowly escaped destruction because you have offended the white man's fetish."

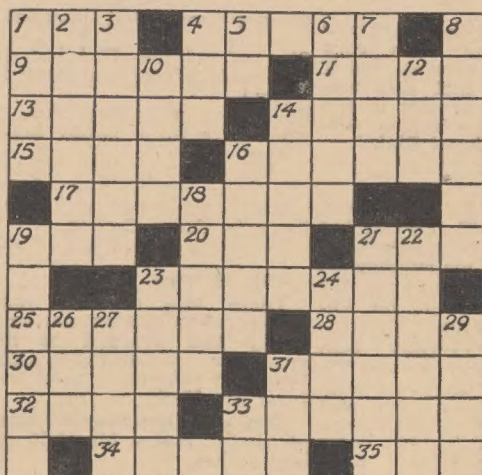
Tamango raised his head proudly, and the negroes who stood round him slunk back. He picked up two guns, beckoned to his wife to follow him, and strode through the group of men, who made way for him. He went to the bow of the vessel, where he constructed a kind of barricade of planks and barrels; behind this entrenchment he fixed the two muskets in such a way that the bayonets were menacingly prominent. There he sat down, and they left him alone.

(To be continued)

Answers to Quiz in No. 153

1. A small cart.
2. (a) Ballantyne, (b) Dickens.
3. Limerick is in Ireland; the others are not.
4. George Robey and Violet Lorraine.
5. John Keats.
6. Constable.
7. Calceolaria, Innocuous.
8. Five.
9. Dickens's "Great Expectations."
10. "But I go on for ever." Tennyson, in "The Brook."
11. 1497.
12. About 140 m.p.h.

CROSSWORD CORNER

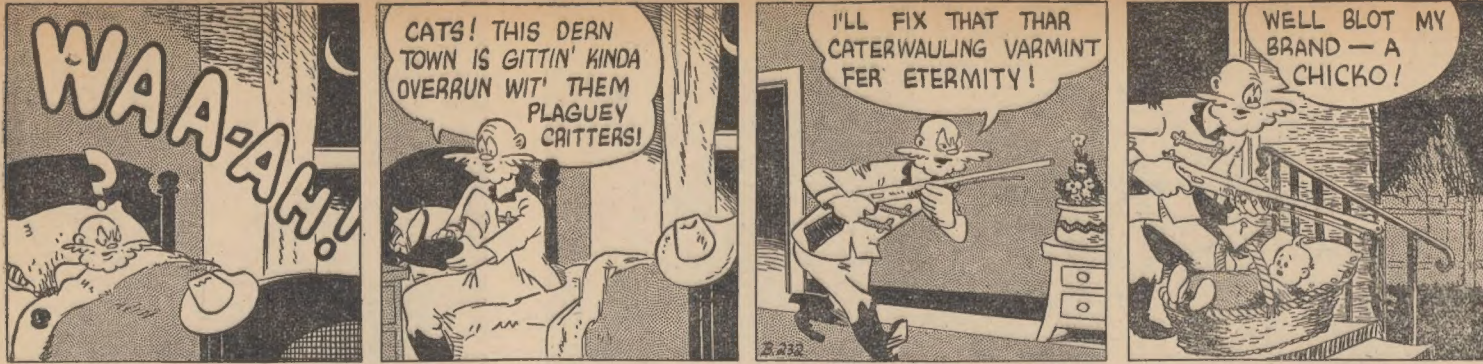


- CLUES ACROSS.**
- 1 Little rascal.
 - 4 Vehicle.
 - 9 Boy's name.
 - 11 Ex.
 - 13 Child's ailment.
 - 14 Pinky-red.
 - 15 Bitter cones.
 - 16 Thick mud.
 - 17 Boiled.
 - 19 Fish.
 - 20 Lout.
 - 21 Sultable.
 - 23 Sort of raisin.
 - 25 Array.
 - 28 Calamitous.
 - 30 Negroes.
 - 31 D'd at right moment.
 - 32 Tree shoot.
 - 33 Podgy.
 - 34 Crow bar.
 - 35 Animal enclosure.

- CLUES DOWN.**
- 1 Part of foot.
 - 2 Sullen.
 - 3 Drive forward.
 - 4 Removable top.
 - 5 Dealing with.
 - 6 Floating vapour.
 - 7 Solid.
 - 8 Relax severity.
 - 10 Meditate.
 - 12 Stock phrase.
 - 14 Split.
 - 16 Clay rock.
 - 18 Pleasure trip.
 - 19 Decrees.
 - 21 Bitter feeling.
 - 22 Dam.
 - 23 Burn surface.
 - 24 Mine entrance.
 - 26 Draw along.
 - 27 Drudgery.
 - 29 Whirl.
 - 31 Hill-top.
 - 33 Concerning.

SHEEP CROPS
LET UNRAVEL
YACHT OPERA
D ITEM RUM
TEST LEAL M
ART PER AGE
R AGOG SPED
GEM TYPE N
EXIST AWAIT
TINIEST CAR
STAND HOTLY

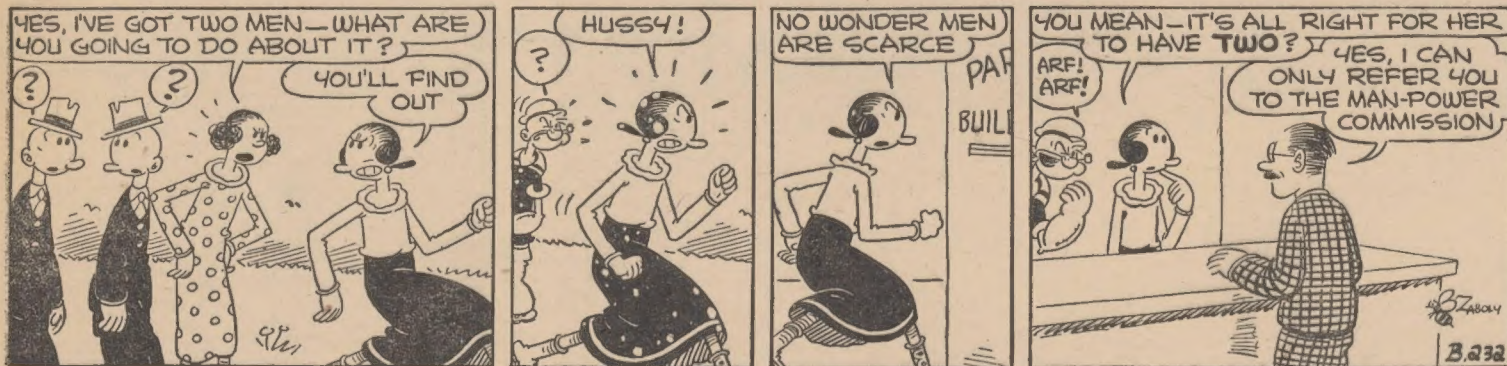
BEELZEBUB JONES



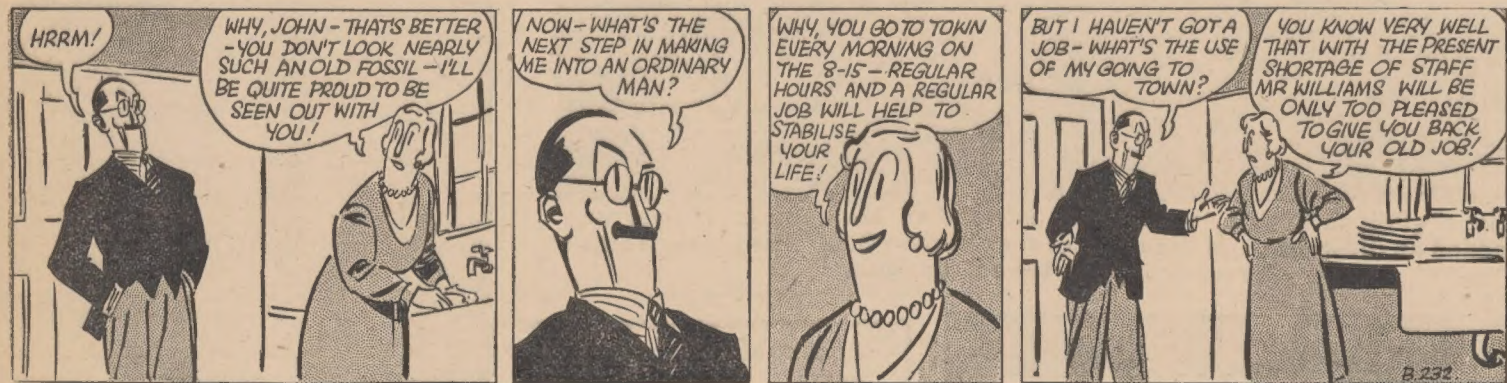
BELINDA



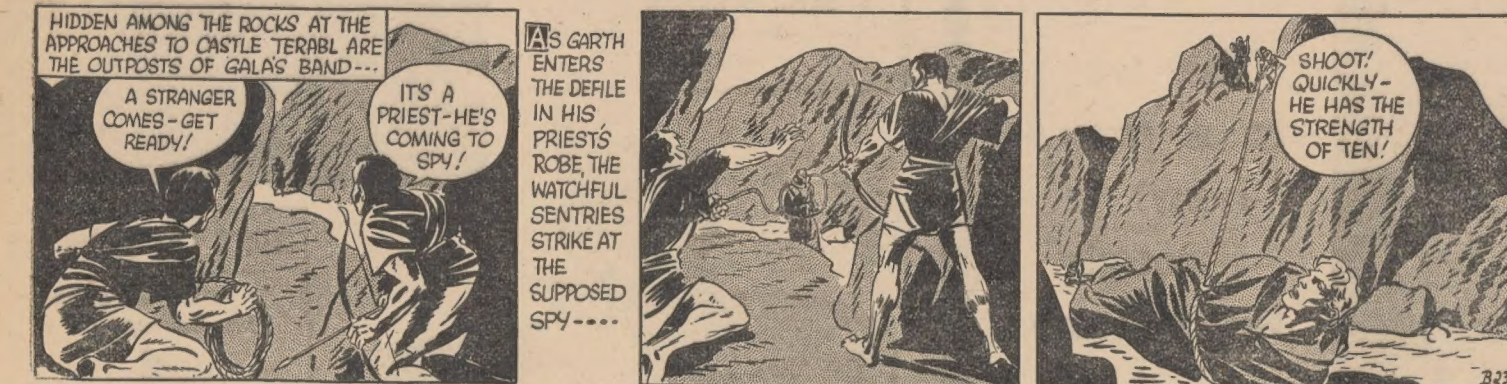
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Be your own Brains Trust

By J. S. NEWCOMBE

These Questions Test Your Knowledge of the Gramophone.
Can you answer "Yes" or "No"?

1. Were the first records of the cylinder type?
2. Did Graham Bell first use the word "gramophone"?
3. Was the clockwork machine in use before 1900?
4. Did the large gramophone horn help reproduction?
5. Was the microphone used for recording in 1930?

IF the telephone had never been invented, we probably shouldn't have had gramophones to-day: for it was while experimenting with the 'phone that Edison found a means of recording sounds and reproducing them mechanically. His phonograph was an after-thought of the telephone.

It was a crazy machine, a horror to the eye and ear. Reared in the atmosphere of exhibition side-shows, and stunted in its growth by bitter law suits, it won its way to respectable maturity and popular esteem more slowly than the motor-car.

Small wonder that Edison put aside his invention and left its development to others.

Graham Bell improved upon Edison, whose phonograph had a grooved cylinder (this answers Question 1) covered with a thin sheet of tinfoil. On this rested lightly a steel tracing-point, mounted at the end of a spring, and separated from a vibrating diaphragm by a small pad of rubber tubing. A large mouth-piece to concentrate sound on to the diaphragm completed the apparatus.

Cylinders of light paper coated with wax were used by Bell. They gave better tone than Edison's records, and didn't wear out so quickly.

EDISON GOT SORE.

Piqued by Bell's success, Edison tried his hand afresh. He introduced a solid wax cylinder, the surface of which could be pared away with a shaving gadget and used again for a new recording.

In this early machine the record remained stationary, while the trumpet, diaphragm and needle passed over it. The needle was a sapphire. It ran over the depressions in the cylinder, falling into them in turn, and communicating its movements to the diaphragm.

Man copies Nature. The reproducing parts of the phonograph functioned exactly like those bones of the ear known as the Hammer, Anvil and Stirrup.

The gramophone differed from Edison's phonograph in being a reproducing machine only.

Emile Berliner first used the term "gramophone" to describe the machine he constructed in 1887—which answers Question 2.

JOINED UP WITH BELL.

It had cylindrical records to begin with, but these were abandoned in favour of the flat disc, which Berliner considered better for copying purposes. After ten years of cylinders, the manufacture of flat records became a commercial success. Ultimately, Edison joined hands with Bell.

The long life of the cylindrical type probably owed something to the Edison-Bell firm. They marketed a record of unbreakable celluloid, which, by electrotyping, could have a new tune impressed upon it, and this process could be continued indefinitely.

People changed their musical repertoire with no more trouble than changing their library books.

One of the early methods of manufacturing records made use of a master-plate of zinc coated with a film of wax.

Not until 1900 did the clockwork machine come into general use—and that solves Question 3. It had a celluloid diaphragm at first, but later mica was preferred. By 1905 a type of sound-box had been standardised, which lasted without change for twenty years.

Designers of gramophones found that better results were given by the large horn (answer to Question 4). But the public objected to the look of the horn, so it became inverted and was placed inside the cabinet.

For a long time there were difficulties with acoustics, and the manner in which they were overcome seem laughable nowadays.

About 1925, microphones and amplifiers of high quality came into use—so it's "Yes" to Question 5—and the performers' troubles were largely at an end. Wherever a microphone can be installed a record can be made.

Up till recent years the gramophone suffered from two disadvantages. It could not reproduce sound faithfully, and it required mechanical attention.

RESULT WAS SWELL.

The four landmarks in its history are: The records made by Caruso and other celebrities; the adoption of "silent surface" in 1922, which converted the music-loving public; the use of the microphone, which followed the acoustic system of recording in 1925; and the perfection of electrical reproduction, with ideal results.

To-day, symphonies, swing music, comic songs and public speeches are recorded for our edification in ever-swelling numbers. It is not uncommon to hear of gramophone fans whose record cabinets contain more than 5,000 discs.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England



Yes, as I was saying to my husband, only this morning, but then, a man never understands, does he? Ah, but I've still got my youth, so why worry.

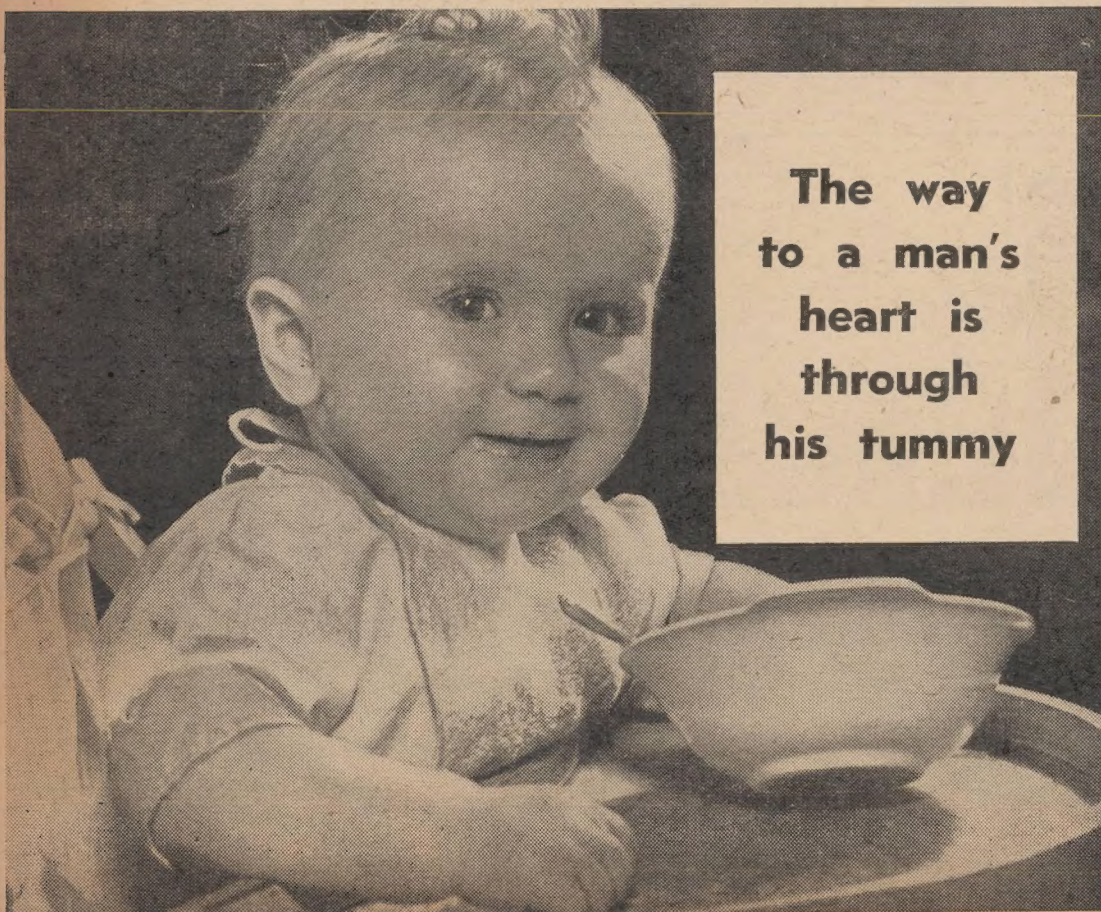


Like a glimpse of fairyland. It is fairyland to Londoners. If ever one needed an illustration of the value of the "Green Belt" here it is. Bostall Woods, Abbey Wood, London.



Looks as though Universal star, Maria Montez, has heard "bathing parade" call. Just our luck to be on fatigues.

The way
to a man's
heart is
through
his tummy



Now look here you fellows. When I say a thing I darnwell means it. So what?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Talkin' through his hat again."

